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LESLIE'S WEEKLY



LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY NUMBER

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

TO BECOME the confidential secretary of the speaker of the House is an honor highly appreciated and sought for in Washington. Needless to say that the successful aspirant must enjoy the highest confidence of the speaker and have literary and business ability far above the average.



L. WHITE SECORD,
A noted newspaper man, who as Speaker Cannon's secretary—Parier.

Reed in 1890, and with McKinley in 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894. He reported every national convention from 1890 to 1904, and in 1900, and in 1904, he edited the Republican campaign text-books. Mr. Busbey has continued to write since he has been in official life, and some notable articles on the tariff, the speaker and his relations have appeared over his name. Mr. Busbey's position with the speaker is largely political, and he attends to a chief share of Mr. Cannon's correspondence. It is in this relation that he is of such value to the speaker. A clever writer, understanding national politics and Republican policies, familiar with Illinois politics and people, Mr. Busbey is able to relieve Speaker Cannon of the burdensome work of his position. Speaker Cannon always has had a particular liking for the Washington correspondents, and he saw that his position would bring him in close relation to them; consequently he sought a man for his confidential secretary who would not only meet the requirements from a political point of view, but who would also be a valuable assistant in his consideration of the men of the press. Mr. Busbey is a prominent member of the Gridiron Club—the most famous press club in the world.

CUPID HAD no place in royal families, and seldom does he meddle with those affairs of those households.



PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BATTENBERG,
A niece of King Edward, who soon will become the bride of King Alfonso of Spain.

an athletic man, and weighs close to 200 pounds. She won the admiration of Alfonso, who weighs about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and the rulers fixed it. King Alfonso and his English suitor, already engaged, made a fuss over it; but affairs of state broke no foolish heart interest. The princess refused to become a Catholic to please her King, but royal pressure is a tremendous force. The marriage will take place in the early summer, and the ultra-conventional court of Madrid may expect a lot of excitement from a charmingly-unconventional Queen and a tempestuous husband.

WHILE the death of Dr. Hurper was a serious loss to the University of Chicago, that great institution is to be congratulated on having in one of its own faculty a man amply capable of taking supreme charge of its affairs. The appointment of Don Harry Pratt Judson to be acting president of the university was a proper recognition of an educator of proved ability and wide and honorable reputation, who will undoubtedly make a most excellent executive. Dr. Judson is a native of New York State, and was graduated in 1870 from Williams College, which gave him the degree of LL.D., as did Queens University of Canada. He was formerly principal of the Troy (N. Y.) High School, and has been professor of history in the Uni-

versity of Minnesota, professor of politics and diplomacy and dean of the faculties of arts, literature, and science in the University of Chicago. Dr. Judson has received six calls to the presidency of colleges and universities. He has written a number of valuable books, and on account of these has been decorated by Emperor William of Germany, and commended by the President of Switzerland. He is a member of various learned societies. He comes of the family of Judsons noted to be among the founders of the Baptist Church in this country.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN long since passed away from earth, but he is still making a living among the hosts of people to-day by his "double," Benjamin Chapin, who assumes the title role in the character-drama, "Lincoln." This play is a development of an



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The remarkably realistic representation of the great emancipator by Benjamin Chapin—Searcy.

impersonation of Lincoln that Mr. Chapin has been presenting for several years. He has devoted forty years to a continuous study of Lincoln, his mannerisms, habits, traits of character, and career. His make-up is said to be a marvelous presentation of the great emancipator. The play gives Mr. Chapin an opportunity to show the man, but also tells an absorbing story. Our photograph is a very realistic representation of Mr. Lincoln absorbed in a newspaper, and there are thousands of persons who beheld him during the Civil War period who will be thrilled by the likeness.

SEÑOR FELIPE PARDO Y BARREDA, the newly appointed minister from Peru to the United States, who lately arrived in this country with his bride, is a brother to Dr. José Pardo, President of Peru, and belongs to the "civil" party. He was born at Lima forty-four years ago, and is the oldest son of the late Don Manuel Pardo, a former President of Peru. He was graduated from the University of San Marco, Lima. Shortly after he took an active part in the Peru-Chilean war, and after peace was declared he devoted himself to developing the large sugar estate belonging to the Pardo family. He also organized the Bolivian school syndicate. Señor Pardo has traveled extensively for the purpose of studying modern methods in all activities. He speaks English and several other languages fluently, and is a lover of horses and interested in outdoor sports. Señor Pardo's bride, Señora Teresa Barreda de Pardo, daughter of his uncle, Don Enrique Barreda, a capitalist of Lima, is, therefore, his first cousin. About eighteen years of age, Señora Pardo is a great beauty and a social favorite. The marriage took place at Lima in November, 1905.



SEÑOR FELIPE PARDO.

The new Peruvian minister to the United States, and his handsome bride—Searcy.

THE FRIENDS and admirers of Henry S. Pritchett have shown deep regret because he chose to give up an active career.

Mr. Pritchett is a resident of that excellent institution, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to become the director of the Carnegie fund for the support of the study of the aged teachers. They say it is not like Mr. Pritchett to quit the battle, but he is a fighter in the thickest, or to seek out easy places and leave the strenuous. Perhaps these admirers are not fully posted as to the duties of Mr. Pritchett in his new position, for he will be forced to work fully as hard as before, and his good judgment will be called into play even more often than it was at the head of a college. Dr. Pritchett was superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey when he was called to Technology, in 1900, to succeed Dr. Walker, one of the greatest educators of the century. It was a tremendous test of ability, and that Dr. Pritchett succeeded in filling his predecessor's shoes is evidence of the talent, thorough knowledge, and energy of the man. Since the merging of historic Harvard and the Institute of Technology has been under discussion Dr. Pritchett's name was widely favored as the successor of President Eliot when he should decide to lay down his burden. Dr. Pritchett is a distinguished astronomer. A recent report has it that Mr. Carnegie will add \$5,000,000 to his fund and remove certain restrictions.

DR. HENRY S. PRITCHETT,
The new director of the Carnegie Trust—Searcy.

A RARE AND notable instance of religious tolerance and breadth of view, combined with a philanthropic spirit, was evidenced in the will of William M. Gould, who died in New York recently. Mr. Gould's entire estate, a very large one, was bequeathed to four institutions in equal parts, as follows: The Gould Memorial Home at Rome, Italy, the Congregational Society, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Roman Catholic Church, all of Sharon, Conn. Sharon was Mr. Gould's birthplace and early home.

THE EDITORSHIP of a leading daily in the British metropolis is a position to which few of even English newspaper editors would care to aspire, while the difficulty of reaching it is obviously much greater.

In the case of a journalist foreign born and foreign bred. So far only one American has achieved this distinction referred to. Mr. Ralph D. Blumfeld, the editor of the London Daily Express, is a native of Wisconsin, where he was born in 1864, and before going abroad, he had acquired the considerable experience in newspaper work in Chicago and New York. Blumfeld has been connected with prominent journals, and having been a contributor to the columns of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

When the Boer War broke out Mr. Blumfeld, who had filled other important positions, was the news editor of the London Daily Mail, and the splendid manner in which he secured and handled news from the front for the paper attracted the attention of all newspaper proprietors in London. In 1902 Mr. Blumfeld was induced to accept the post of night editor of the Express, which was then feeling the effects of keen competition, and he astonished his contemporaries by putting American ginger into the news columns. This made the Express one of the most popular papers in the town, and resulted in Mr. Blumfeld's promotion. In 1904, to his present place. He is considered the most enterprising and progressive of all the London editors, and he will doubtless gain new laurels as the years go by.

TO HIS many other distinctions President Roosevelt has recently added that of being the chamberlain hand-shaker of the United States, and probably of the world. At the New Year's reception of 1896 in the White House the President, in three hours and forty-four minutes, shook hands with 9,052 persons, or at the rate of forty per minute. This surpasses even the high record he made last year, and, as practice makes perfect, he will doubtless do still better on January 1st, 1907.



RALPH D. BLUMFELD,
The only American who has become a leading editor in London.

By courtesy of The Editor and Publisher.



FAMOUS \$24,000,000 STATE CAPITAL AT ALBANY, N. Y., THE MOST COSTLY BUILDING IN AMERICA, IN WHICH SIGNS OF A COLLAPSE HAVE APPEARED.



MAGNIFICENT EASTERN STAIRWAY IN THE CAPITOL AT ALBANY, LATELY CLOSED TO THE PUBLIC BECAUSE OF INDICATIONS OF STRUCTURAL WEAKNESS.

NEW YORK'S \$24,000,000 CAPITOL IN DANGER OF A COLLAPSE.

AMERICA'S FINEST EDIFICE, IN ONE PART OF WHICH PILARS ARE CRUMBLING AND A GRAND STAIRWAY HAS BEEN WEAKENED BY THE SAGGING OF THE BUILDING.

General "Joe" Wheeler.

FEW PERSONS have risen to such heights of popularity as the late Brigadier-General Joseph Wheeler, and few there were more widely known, north, east, south, and west. For a man that was not a politician he probably knew more persons than any one in our land, and his enemies were few. If "Fighting Joe" had not come of a warrior family, and had utilized his talents, he would have made a first-class diplomat. His diplomacy—otherwise tact—consideration, and smooth persistency, veiled by a courteous and gracious manner, were qualities seldom combined in one man.

four years he took part in 800 skirmishes and commanded in 200 battles. At the age of twenty-eight he was a lieutenant-general and the senior cavalry officer of the Confederate army. After the war he was in half a dozen Congresses, but never took the office of a politician. He was made a brigadier-general in the regular army in 1902 and retired. His recent death at the age of nearly seventy was brought about by pneumonia in the midst of social activity and literary work.

The Passing of a Great Monarch.

NO PERSON in all Europe did as much to preserve the status quo and maintain peace as Christian IX., King of Denmark, whose sudden death occurred recently. Called the father of royalty, his position was peculiarly powerful. Had he been an intriguer or a body-body Europe would have been bathed in blood many times in the last generation. But peace at any cost was Christian's motto, and his influence was more potent than policy or expediency, or diplomacy. He stood between reigning houses, where his family connections were equally important, and argued against war and insisted on peace.

There was no more democratic ruler in the world than Christian; he walked about his capital in all the simplicity of a burgher and with not as much danger. No sovereign was more beloved, and in spite of the fact that he had opposed constitutional government demanded by his people for twenty years. He was the father of his subjects as well as of royalty. Born April 18, 1818, he became King on November 15th, 1863. His wife was called the brightest diplomat in Europe. Together they landed five of their six children on thrones. The family census also shows thirty-two grandchildren and thirty-one great-grandchildren. Of the six sons and daughters, Christian Frederick is now King of Denmark, Alexandra is Queen of England, Dagmar is the Dowager Empress of Russia, William is King of Greece, Thyra is the Duchess of Cumberland, and Prince Valdemar married Princess Marie of Orleans. One of the grandsons is the Czar of Russia, another is the King of Norway, a third is high commissioner of Crete, and a fourth is the Prince of Wales. Christian set himself against the war with Japan, but for once he found intriguers stronger than he. The new king is sixty-two years old and almost as popular as his father.

The Use of Dogs in War.

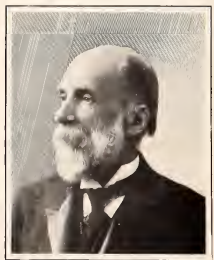
THE USE of dogs in the Japanese-Russian War, which attracted much attention, was really nothing new. Far back in the antiquities dogs were employed in military operations with great success. The senseness of the animal's senses, his affection for his master, his docility and intelligence, made him valuable centuries ago, in both defense and attack. In the Dark Ages dogs were often posted in towers to warn the garrison of the enemy's approach, and were even clad in armor to guard military camps. They were frequently used to defend camps and big game, and to bring confusion in the ranks of the enemy's cavalry. Even fires were placed on the dogs' backs, to set fire to the enemy's camps.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries several military Powers had enormous packs of dogs, and it was not uncommon for the animals to meet in skirmishes and between themselves fight out big battles. Napoleon, in his Italian campaign, used dogs as scouts, and in 1852 the Austrians trained dog to scent ambushes.

More recently, the Germans have been training and experimenting with dogs, which the Russians and France have also taken them up. Of the European Powers, only England has left dogs entirely out of consideration in military affairs.

Although changes in warfare have greatly lessened

the opportunity for employing dogs, they still may be used to advantage in many ways in military operations. In modern campaigns the night attack appears to be taking a foremost place, and here especially the dog can play an important part, for he can detect an approaching party and prevent a complete surprise. In foggy weather or in thickets, well-trained dogs can be used where signal systems cannot be operated, although the use of telephones has nearly crowded the animal out of this branch of warfare. Dogs as an auxiliary to ambulances are a great aid in locating wounded soldiers. In the Franco-German War the dog played an important part in this work of saving the wounded from dying alone, out of reach of medical assistance.



GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, F. S. A., WHOSE RECENT DEATH THE WORLD'S NEWS LAMENTED.—*Frank.*



KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK, WHOSE SUDDEN DEATH FINGED BALF OF THE COURTS OF EUROPE IN SHOCKING.

It was this complete excellence that made for him a host of friends.

The intimate and popular appellation, "Fighting Joe," was and was not distinctive. His passion was the military, and he was eager to get where the excitement and danger were of the highest, but a more mild-mannered and humane man never lived. There was absolutely nothing of the brute in him; his love of war was more for the scientific game of wits than for the killing of enemies. He was a small, frail man, but seldom had a quiet minute in waking hours. From June to September, 1898, General Wheeler was the liveliest man in the Cuban campaign. Others gave in to the heat and fever, but this 110-pound featherweight, sixty-two years old, was always ready for duty. In command of the cavalry division, his was one of the most arduous tasks. The campaign ended and the Montauk camp put to rights, the doughty Alabamian looked about for more excitement. He asked President McKinley for a detail in the Philippines, and got it. He jumped into twelve engagements in ten days there, certainly enough to tire out a college athlete.

General Wheeler was of high-class English stock settling in Alabama, where he was born on September 10th, 1836. He was educated in Massachusetts, and from there went to West Point, being graduated in 1859. He saw a year on the plains in fighting Indians, and was one of the first to volunteer for the Confederacy. As colonel of the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry he won his fighting title at the battle of Shiloh. In

In marches the dog can be used effectively as a scout for the body of troops to which he is attached, and might often prevent a detachment from being ambushed. The animal has also been used to transport ammunition and to carry relief to the wounded, while in many other ways his warrior-master has made use of the dog's keen sense and docility.

A Wonderful Tonic

HOSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

TAKE it during convalescence following La Grippe, Pneumonia, Influenza, or weakness following fevers.

Desserts

are easily and quickly prepared when Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is used. Always have a supply on hand and be ready for the unexpected guest. See for Recipe Book, 108 Hudson Street, New York.

"She Sits Forever in the Sun."

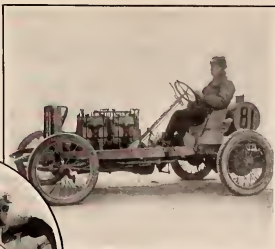
THERE WAS sunshine part of each of three hundred and fifty-seven (257) days last year in Colorado Springs; the New York Central Lines ticket you via Chicago, Cincinnati, or St. Louis to Colorado, Utah, California, and the Pacific Coast.—*Ad.*



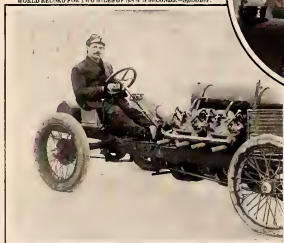
FRED MARRIOTT IN THE ODD-SHAPED 50-HORSE-POWER STANLEY STEAMER, MAKING A MILE IN 28 1-5 SECONDS, A NEW WORLD RECORD—MARRIOTT ALSO MADE THE NEW FIVE-MILE RECORD OF 2:47, AND WON SEVERAL RACES.—Copyrighted by T. K. Hastings



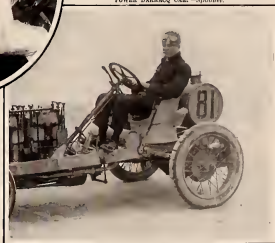
VICTOR DEMOGNET (AT RIGHT), THE "SPEED KING," WITH DEMAY, IN THE 100-H.P. DARRACQ, IN WHICH HE MADE THE WORLD RECORD FOR TWO MILES OF 28 4-5 SECONDS.—Spencer.



A. H. STEVENS, WHO BORE OFF THE HORNS IN THE TEN-MILE COUNTRYMAN CHAMPIONSHIP IN AN 80-HORSE-POWER DARRACQ CAR.—Spencer.



CLIFFORD CAMP, IN THE 100-HORSE-POWER GASOLINE MACHINE IN WHICH, IN SPITE OF THE LOSS OF A TIRE, HE WON THE 100-MILE RACE, MAKING A NEW RECORD.—Spencer.

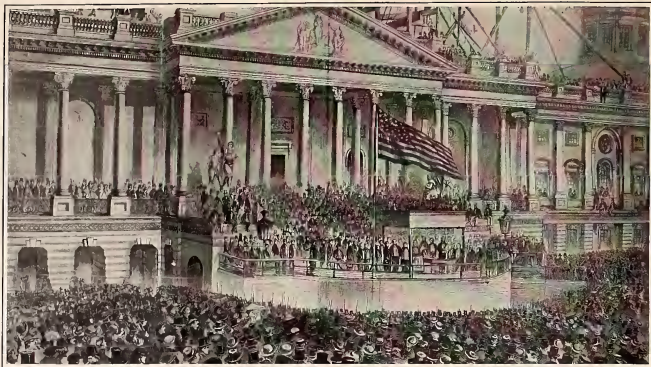


GUY YACON, WINNER OF THE TEN-MILE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP, IN HIS 20-30-HORSE-POWER GASOLINE CAR.—Spencer.

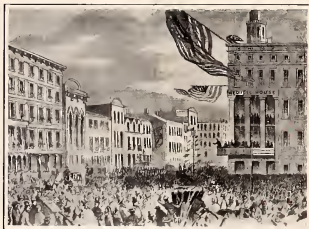


LANCIA, IN A 110-HORSE-POWER PIAT, SPEEDING TO VICTORY IN THE FIVE-MILE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP CONTEST.—Hastings

WORLD RECORDS BROKEN AT A GREAT AUTOMOBILE MEET.
WINNERS OF THE LEADING EVENTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL RACES ON THE ORMOND-DAYTONA COURSE, FLORIDA, WHERE THE FASTEST TIME EVER MADE IN A VEHICLE WAS ACHIEVED.



LINCOLN READING HIS FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS ON THE CAPITOL STEPS.



ALL CLEVELAND TURNED OUT TO BRACE THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.

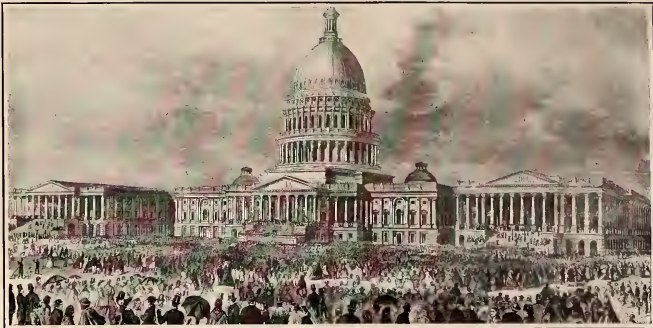


ARRIVAL OF LINCOLN IN BUFFALO, IN FEBRUARY, 1861.



HOW NEW YORK WELCOMED LINCOLN ON HIS WAY TO THE INAUGURATION.

HUGE CROWDS GREETING LINCOLN AFTER HIS FIRST ELECTION.
 STRIKING PICTURES OF THE ENORMOUS GATHERINGS IN HONOR OF THE FIRST REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT, IN THE
 SPRING OF 1861.—Reproduced from the old files of *Leslie's Weekly*, and copyrighted.



SECOND INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT, AT THE CAPITOL.



MAYOR WOOD, OF NEW YORK, RECEIVING THE PRESIDENT IN CITY HALL.



MOMENTOUS CABINET COUNCIL—EVACUATION OF FORT SUMTER UNDER DECESSION.



THE DYING MOMENTS OF THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.

NOTABLE SCENES IN ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S OFFICIAL LIFE.

HIS SECOND INAUGURATION, RECEIVED BY NEW YORK'S MAYOR, DISCUSSING FORT SUMTER WITH HIS CABINET, AND BREATHING HIS LAST, THE VICTIM OF AN ASSASSIN.—Reproduced from the old files of *Leslie's Weekly*, and copyrighted.

The Passing of the Church Spire

By L. O. Thayer

ONE DOZEN churches are completely every working day in this country, and one has been there for one-hundred years. And most of the new edifices that are topped by pointed shafts are in Roman Catholic parishes. The reign of the spire as a symbol of the place of worship is coming to an end; the passing of the "finger pointing to heaven" is becoming an actuality.

In the last few years church architecture has undergone some remarkable changes—speaking of the United States only. The trend of the times is commercial, therefore practical. Utility is the keynote that is struck in every line of endeavor. To accomplish the best results in business, tools and appliances must be conveniently at hand. The house of worship has become the house of service. There is no place for expensive ornaments which cannot be utilized to the end in view.

The passing of the church spire is not so much on account of the cost, although it is a prime factor, but as a costly adjunct it brings in a soul more. There are persons—and in the city a considerable minority of the congregation—who go to church to listen to high-priced sermons. The sermons who flock to fashionable churches to see costly stained-glass windows. The churches do not quibble at expense if they get results. A church is not different from a business house in its practice. The people must be attracted whatever the cost, but spires do not bring in worshippers.

In the old days the towering spires of the ancient cathedrals in Europe were worshipped by zealous as they approached the church; the same condition may prevail abroad now, but not here. This line of argument may lead the reader to inquire: "Is the church no longer a place of worship?" There should be an explanation at this point for the ministers may rise up and contest the idea. In these days of the institutional church city pastors are not the same as the old-fashioned New England spirit of worship among the masses is almost a thing unknown. The coming of foreigners to this country has changed the cities are the chief contributing causes. So, with no compelling interest in the church on the part of those whose souls are sought, the religious programme has undergone a radical change. The church has brought in before they can be taught the spirit of worship. The church to-day, then, does not stand in the same relationship to the temple of yesterday as it does to a huge spiritual workhouse. The church is still preserved, but the busy portion of the edifice has dropped to the basement or sided out to the vestry.

In the old days, when the church was chiefly regarded as a place in which to worship on Sunday, the spire was a perfect, visible symbol of the character of the building. It was a sign of God's house, and as such had its use. Aside from this the spire had a bell, and, perhaps, a clock. Now, how changed! The rapid commercial progress of the era has almost no sentimental regard for homes, churches, or anything else. The history of Broadway is the history of New York City. The old institutions have been crowded into lower Manhattan pushed back before the relentless and hugely-willing tide of the skyscraper. Everything that stood in its way was ingulfed. Only a small proportion of the churches there more than a few years ago—have remained to link the Old to the New. Old Trinity and St. Paul's are hedged in and almost suffocated by the contemporary and irreverent office-buildings. That Gothic "gem, Grand Church, resembles a jewel in a massively ugly setting. Only a drastic move saved it from submergence by another skyscraper. The land on the south side of the street, for purpose, and the corporation had to pay \$400,000 for the right to air, light, and the preserving of the edifice's architectural effectiveness. The Broadway Tabernacle, now at Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street, has been driven up town from two homes by the march of commerce, and in self-defense put up a combination church and sky-scraping office-building for its own use.

When the huge Metropolitan Life Insurance building around the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the Gothic spire of which does not reach to the top story, the congregation and Dr. Parkhurst's office were doomed. So, an offer was accepted for the church site and the debate waged warm over removing up town or fighting the battle out in that vicinity. The conservative members won the battle. The church occupies the opposite corner. The new church is architecturally fine; but such a difference! The Gothic has given way to the modern. The new church is a library, a museum, or bank, as far as the stranger could see; yet this church is a good type of the trend of the times. There is dignity in the columns and facade, but how unchurchly, how unbecoming to custom! Dr. Parkhurst said, when asked by the writer:

"Yes, I shall give up my Gothic spire with regret; it holds a warm place in my heart. I think a great majority of my congregation agree with me, but our artistic feelings had to be submerged for the sake of survival. We could not have a spire unless the buildings towering above it; it would be meaningless, and we had to utilize our site to the best of our ability. I love the old Gothic cathedrals of Germany and France, but we have sacrificed in art and gained in convenience. The style is early Christian, with a modified Byzantine treatment in the interior. The Gothic, of course, is medieval and associated with the Roman Catholic Church, was developed under the monastic influences, and only taken up in recent times by Protestant bodies."

A digression may be permitted here in view of Dr. Parkhurst's remarks. It is well known in religious circles that the status of the spire is one of the liveliest topics of the day, but the present is not the first time it has become a "burning" question. Bishop Asbury was a bitter enemy of the spire, and fought it tooth and nail. It is related that on one of his tours of New England he came to a new edifice on which was a small bell holding a bell. He lifted his hands in horror and expressed himself in his characteristic fashion. "Humph!" he snuffed, "a church with a bell! I know you'll be having a spire in a minute." He lived to see the gradual adoption of the spire—the New England name—but the Methodists fought the spire for years. Some families—need not mention the names—were who were actually persecuted, but may have had a hand in, the actual burning of "the Catholic spires." The Bedford Street Methodist Episcopal Church is the oldest edifice of this denomination in New York City. It was built before the spire came in.

The Baptists of late seem to have taken the most united move to get away from the spire and all that it means, but they are going to the other extreme. Many of their new churches look like public buildings, and some resemble a Cairo mosque. The Methodists, while doing away with the spire, have compromised in many instances on a tower. The Norman and English "whig," or "perpendicular Gothic," has come into high favor in city churches. This style is at once dignified and full of strength because of its massiveness. One of New York City's best churches of this type is the Baptist Church, on West One Hundred and Fifth Street. It has a short, square tower, carrying a clock and bell. Another new Presbyterian church, Northminster, above Central Park, is utterly devoid of spire, tower, or skyline ornament. The church is the straightest-looking churches in New York City is to be that of the Harlem Presbyterian. It is strictly Oriental at every point, startlingly Byzantine from its front elevation, four stories high, four stories high and color effects. The necessity for institutionalism knows no law except available room. One church in Pittsburgh, recently completed, has fifty-two rooms in the edifice. The cost of the spire has gone into the interior.

In the busy, serviceable church the auditorium does not overtake the remainder of the interior; in fact, it is the least-used part of the building. The basement or adjoining parish house is the centre of attraction. Here will be found a fully-equipped gymnasium, with baths, classes in sewing, cooking, millinery, stenography, book-keeping, carpentry, and what not! The money the spire would cost has been expended in a more useful way. The spire is the spiritual man. Christ Presbyterian in this city is a notable example of the business church.

This sort of down-town churches are necessary and are a good thing to permit to persist. They are given over to hotels, lodging-houses, and the like. These churches have been forced to adopt all sorts of methods to attract the people. They have become institutional churches. To such a spire is a useless appendage, not to say costly.

The two beautiful spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, this city, are gems of the architect-art, but the cost easily aggregated \$150,000. From the rapid advance of business up Fifth Avenue, these spires are being eclipsed by the sort of modern skyscrapers. The new Episcopal Cathedral of St. John is "set on a hill and cannot be hid." It will have all sorts of spires and towers. The next generation will witness the massive but ugly church in fact, and stand on its eminence at Cathedral Heights. It will be safe from the encroachments of commerce.

When the city skyline is held in the hand of the better. There it is a real landmark, for it may carry the only weather vane in the place, the only bell and clock. But even now the spire is being cut down to the square level. It is being replaced by a modern skyscraper. To one who loves the country and its peculiar life and institutions, the passing of the church spire will be regrettable. It held the most important place in the village from the farthest back times, and the farmer felt linked to his neighbors and to God; it dominated the landscape and gave one a sense of security and peace.

Although the spire is going, and in spite of the fact that there is enough money tied up in these ornamental

features to run the churches of the country for several years, or to Christianize an empire, its passing will make the protest. The spire be noted with deep regret on the part of hundreds of thousands of churchmen and laymen. These days of insolent and unympathetic money-getting, when everything must bend to the one object of making every cent count, the spire stands, as always, as God's finger, pointing the way to truth and life.

Wonderful Power of the Jews.

RECENT EVENTS are giving the Jews an equal prominence. The celebrations in New York and other cities of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of their first colony in the territory of the present United States have attracted attention to them all over the country. Russia's massacres of the Jews have met the world's sympathy for them and aroused the world's indignation against their barbarous oppressors. This public opinion is bound to make itself felt in St. Petersburg, even if the governments of the United States and Russia, which Gentiles and Jews alike are appealing to them to present.

Meanwhile, the Jews themselves in the United States have been working in a practical way to relieve the necessities of their suffering co-religionists. More than one million dollars have been subscribed in this country to meet the immediate wants of the persecuted sect, and arrangements are being made to hasten emigration from Russia. Most of it will come to the United States, where the real Zion of that race of to be found. The United States is now third of the countries of the world in the number of its Jewish inhabitants, Russia and Austria-Hungary alone leading us. As both these countries are losing and we are gaining, we are sure to have many more years pass, be the first in Jewish population.

The vitality and the influence of the Jews are one of the marvels of the modern age. Persecuted almost everywhere, except in England and the United States, they still keep up their identity all over the world and increase in numbers. Without a government of their own and without a national flag, they have, nevertheless, collectively and officially, they wield a powerful influence in nearly every government. Even Russia, through the Czar and Premier Witte, is obliged to defer to the views of the Jewish bankers and merchants, though, in the dialectic of society of that country, the Jew-haters among the mobs are enabled sporadically to massacre this people by the thousands. The fact that, in the face of all this oppression and hatred, the Jews of the world are gaining in number and power is a striking tribute to their courage, balance, and persistence.

Mining Dividends of 1905

DO MINING investments pay? This is a question often asked by the uninformed, or by men too closely engaged in their own affairs to be interested in matters of general interest.

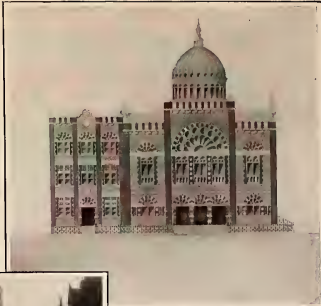
The dividends declared and paid by metal-mining companies in the United States in 1905 amounted to a large total of \$65,771,047. Since their incorporation these same companies have declared dividends of \$456,269,359, which is equivalent to nearly sixty per cent, on an issued capitalization of \$762,466,455. There is possibly no other industry which has paid more in dividends to its stockholders than the mining industry, which is divided by private and close corporations, which are understood to have been very large, the total for the year would be nearly double.

Copper companies held the lead, twenty-four companies having paid dividends of \$38,703,654 in 1905, and the same companies have paid \$276,849,230 since incorporation, which is equivalent to a return of more than eighty per cent on their original capital of \$587,560. Gold, silver, and lead properties claim the second position, as ninety-two have declared, in 1905, dividends of \$20,497,231, making \$169,364,987 since their incorporation, which is equivalent to forty-one and five-tenths per cent on an issued share capital of \$406,749,655.

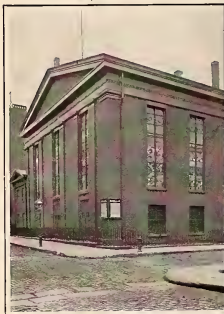
Can any one doubt the great profits accruing in mining when such figures are presented to them? A good, bona-fide mining proposition pays better than any other investment that can be made. The Mogollon Gold and Copper Company is one of the best organizations on the market to-day. It is presented absolutely on its merits. The most searching investigation can only confirm the good things that have been said about it by the mining men who have investigated the property and given their opinions. More information can be had regarding this investment by addressing Thomas J. Curran, president, 290 Broadway, New York, N. Y.



GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHICH REMAINS A GOTHIC CDM IN BUSY, NOISY BROADWAY.



A SQUARE BYZANTINE EFFECT SEEN IN THE NEW HARLEM PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.



BEDFORD STREET M. E. CHURCH, WHICH ANTICIPATED THE SPIRE CONTROVERSY IN THAT DENOMINATION.



GRAND OLD TRINITY, A PROTESTING GOTHIC WITNESS TO FRIENDLY WALL STREET DOINGS.



BROADWAY TABERNALE, A UNIQUE TYPE OF THE MODERN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.



CHRIST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, WHICH HAS NO SPIRE, BUT DOES A GREAT WORK.



STARTLING CONTRAST BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW ARCHITECTURE—DR. PARKHURST'S CHURCHES.

THE REIGN OF THE CHURCH SPIRE COMING TO AN END.
NEW YORK'S NEW HOUSES OF WORSHIP ELIMINATING THE GOTHIC STEEPLE, AND THE VIVID CONTRAST BETWEEN OLD AND NEW WHICH HAS AROUSED WIDE DISCUSSION.—Photographs by A. E. Dunn.



NEW AND STRONG LEADERS IN THE INSURANCE WORLD.
FOUR EMINENT MEN, POSSESSING THE PUBLIC'S CONFIDENCE, WHO HAVE SUCCEEDED TO THE PRESIDENCY OF
LEADING NEW YORK LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Curious and Notable Things Theatrical in London

By Eleanor Franklin, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS "CARBON"—PLAYED SO ADMIRABLY IN AMERICA BY MISS ESTEL BARSTOWE.



WILLIAM GILLETTE, AS "DR. CARBINGTON," IN HIS NEW PLAY, "CLARICE"—Narany.



NEW AND REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAF OF MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, AS "MILITA," IN "FOR THE CROWN."

LONDON January 26th, 1906.
LONDON is a very serious place. Everybody takes such a personal interest in everything. But there are widely divergent views and a splendid assortment of ideas, so one manages to baffle the time.

About the funniest thing in the way of ideas that has been put forward recently is Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's assertion that not a single serious play has been produced in the English language since the time of his own "Mrs. Dan's Defense," which American theatre-goers will remember chiefly as the best vehicle for the display of her powers that that most admirable actress, Miss Margaret Anglin, ever had. Mr. H. C. Carton doesn't agree with Mr. Jones, and writes to the *Standard* his most emphatic views on the subject. Whereupon Mr. Jones waxes also emphatic and puts up \$250 to be given to any theatrical charity if Mr. Carton will prove conclusively that some serious play has been produced in recent years. Mr. Carton has not yet won the \$250 for charity.

The whole discussion came blank upon the objection that nobody has yet determined just what "serious drama" really is. If Mr. Jones had introduced the evidence contained in innumerable alleged musical comedies introduced on the public in recent years, theatrical charity would probably have been richer by \$250.

Mr. Forbes Robertson, is playing a piece at the Scala that must be a most serious affair to him, to his dependents, and to Mrs. Madeline Lucretia Ryley, his gifted authoress. Perhaps one shouldn't write anything about Mr. Robertson now. His health is in a most uncertain condition, and the dragging, halting performance, clear-cut in no single detail, may be due entirely to his physical disability.

"Mrs. Grundy" consists, to begin with, of a rather ragged assortment of ideas, and among a ragged performance, its fate is pretty well sealed. A sportive sort of vicar, with up-to-date ideas—which may mean a number of things—comes to a country parish where the betting sin of the people in a wicked intolerance of anything that might be called liberal-minded, not to say "human," as that good word is misused nowadays. In this parish is a family with a marriageable, tubercular daughter, who is engaged to a healthy young man, madly in love with the very robust and attractive "poor-relative governor" of his fiancée's very young brother. A young woman friend of this family, played by Miss Gertrude Elliott who has unusual chances of manner, comes into the plot, and at tea in the family sitting-room falls in love with the new vicar, who straightaway proceeds to reciprocate with suppressed fervor—suppressed, because he understands that she is a young married woman, with a husband "out in the bush." The vicar happens upon the governess and the healthy young man in the nick of time to overhear their plans for elopement on the following evening. He frustrates the plan, as he thinks, by inviting the girl to come to church. She runs away to Edinburgh with the young man, and the pharisee family and its most intimate friends are very properly scandalized. The girl, however, has a Christian sympathy for her tubercular cousin, so she creeps back, intending to ask pardon and be happy once more. But she goes first to the good-looking vicar and tells him all about it. He talks it over with the vicar, as he supposes, charming young married woman and eventually the vicar takes the girl into his own house to be governess to his six-year-old son. He is widower, by the way. Well, of course, he has to end by offer-

ing to marry her, while she ends by discovering that he is in love with the young married woman whose husband is "out in the bush." This "husband" turns out to be a creature of this person's own imagination. The end is obvious—too obvious. The wronged girl has another visit from her lover. She spurns him. He goes back to the respectable girl with prospects of an early demise, and the healthy, golden-haired one suddenly finds an engagement as governess in a nice family in the country. The vicar and his little boy marry the girl, who isn't a young married woman after all, and the curtain falls upon a scene that never should be allowed to take place between a man and his six-year-old son who is about to acquire a step-mother.

But Mr. Robertson is not keeping "Mrs. Grundy" on, so it is quite all right. Indeed, he has announced his intention of giving up for a while and treating himself to a complete rest. Let us hope that this is true.

Mr. G. P. Huntley, remembered in America as the funny Englishman in "The Little Maid," has the play of the hour—"Hello, hello, hello, hello!" I remember his saying, in a comically descending scale, over at Daly's, on Broadway, "I don't mind telling you I've led a fearful life! Ha, ha, ha!" Well, Mr. *Poppo*, of Ippleton, the queer country bumpkin, has led the most innocent life in the world. Or at least we almost believe he has until he makes a "break" or two which quite convince us that he knows a Welsh rabbit from the kind he talks about so much in the play. He comes up to London to visit his gay metropolitan brother, who lives at the "Hotel Blitz." There are others who live at the "Hotel Blitz." Some actresses and things. Freddy Poppo doesn't know an actress when he sees one; but after a few beautiful persons have come up and voluntarily offered him motherly advice, not to say the free use of furnished flats, he remarks to his little valet, "Are you sure this is the Hotel Blitz?" and the London audience laughs in unalloyed joy. It is much of this sort of thing that makes Mr. *Poppo* an assured success, but the London public doesn't realize it. The London public is a self-odd, self-deluded old egotist, like most other "publics." The London public thinks it is most righteously. Indeed, it has called Mr. Bernard Shaw "well, named," because Mr. Bernard Shaw has put into the mouths of some of the characters of his new play, "Major Barbara," certain sentences that are sacred to the believer in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Bernard Shaw is but delineating character and using all the means in his power to make his delineations true to life. However, Miss Annie Russell continues, for yet a few more performances in her rôle of a Salvation Army lassie, to wail, "My God! my God! why hast Thou forsaken me!" when she sees all her ideal hopes and sweet beliefs evaporate in the air of stern modernity as exemplified by cold steel and death-dealing explosives.

I wonder the good British public has not demanded the suppression of the really evil things here. London is a sicker for the "sweet simplicities," or at least claims to be. I remember seeing Miss Edna May in her part in a most serious musical comedy called "The Catch of the Season." I thought it was most inanely uninteresting, but "The Catch of the Season" has been running in London from time immemorial and shows no signs of waning popularity. It is innocence itself—innocent of everything, even of a glimmer of cleverness or wit; but the London public goes to see it and calls it a "lovely thing." Then the London public goes to other theatres, laughs uproariously, and applauds to the echo some of the worst vulgarities I have ever heard come over the footlights, and I have been in theatres from Paris to Tokio, from San Francisco to New York. It is not that any of the productions one sees are entirely immoral, or that all of them are tainted with immorality, but in most of the theatres something is sure to be said or done during the performance that sharply offends one's sense of decency. The vaudeville theatres are the worst. One may not detail the indecencies in monologue, sketch, and song that are constantly heard.

Yet there are enough really good things to take one into these houses and repay one for the going. At the Pavilion the other night there was one of the most remarkable performances imaginable. A Mr. Finney and daughter did a "turn," in a large glass tank filled with water, that was novel and beautiful. Under water, with eyes wide open and mouths moving in inarticulate conversation, they do a number of things that strike one as quite impossible. There are many other things that are good in these places, but they are so intermixed with immodesties that one is ashamed to acknowledge having heard or seen them.

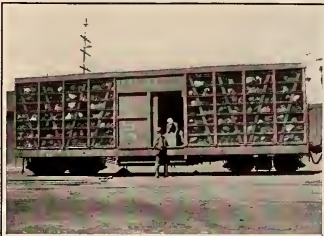
Mr. William Gillette has just closed a long engagement in London, in "Sherlock Holmes," and has returned to America to produce his newest drama called "Clarice." Mr. Gillette gave several performances of this play over here, and it was generally voted a failure. This is easily understood, since the spirit of "Clarice" is distinctly American. The scene is laid "about a day's ride south from Washington," and is full of the flavor of the romance South. Mr. Gillette has created a character peculiarly interesting, and he plays it with all that remarkable reserve and splendid repose that have made him unique among the men in his profession. The character is that of a physician who has fallen a victim to tuberculosis, and has had to give up a promising career for a life of practical retirement in the Southern hills. The story is full of the tender sentiment Mr. Gillette portrays so well, and has the merit of being both unusual in story and strong in quiet, lovable characters. In its present condition, however, it will probably be considered much too slow of action, and the scenes which lead up to the climax in the last act will have to be appreciably shortened in order to hold the unwavering attention of an American audience. This has some advantages. Mr. Gillette one of the best opportunities he has ever had for the display of his own peculiarly forceful methods of acting. Much of the weakness of the performance was due to the villainously bad villainess played by Miss Adelaide Prince, an American actress of some reputation.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gillette will have in "Clarice" one of his usual successes. He is without doubt one of the most admirable men, as men go, on the American stage, and his consummate art, acquired by indefatigable labor, and despite most distressing physical drawbacks, makes him pre-eminent in his way among our really eminent American actors.

Nothing will quicken or revolutionize the system and put new life into it, than Abbott's Angostura Bitters. At druggists and grocers.



ST. LOUIS MEN PLAYING THE PASSENGER GAME OF FOOTBALL, LATELY INTRODUCED INTO THEIR CITY.—A. A. Cook, Missouri



THE POULTRY BUSINESS IN CALIFORNIA.—CAR FILLED WITH FOWLS ABOUT TO BE SHIPPED TO MARKET.—John Dicks Howe, California.



LARGEST TOW-BOT EVER BUILT, THE "SPRAGUE," Hauling SIXTY BOATS LADED WITH 1,000,000 BARRELS OF COAL DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—J. R. Schmitt, Ohio.



TESTING BIG GUNS AT INDIAN BEAD, MD.—WORKMEN GOING INTO THE CHIEF BOMB-PROOF FOR SAFETY.—Mrs. C. B. Miller, Maryland.



UNITED STATES TROOPS AT THE ARMY BARRACKS, PLATTSBURG, N. Y., LINED UP FOR INSPECTION AND DRILL.—Mrs. E. B. Trumbull, New York



(PRIZE WINNER.) FIGHT BETWEEN BARBIMAN AND GODDLE FOR A RAILROAD TERMINAL AT OAKLAND, CAL.—LANDING SUPPLIES FOR THE GOULD FORCE WORKING (IN DEFIANCE OF AN INJUNCTION) WITH AN ARMED GUARD.—Ralph M. Stebb, California.

NEWS PHOTO PRIZE CONTEST—CALIFORNIA WINS.

OCCURRENCES OF THE TIME PICTURED WITH FIDELITY AND SKILL BY ARTISTS OF KEEN OBSERVATION.

The Home and the Household

China's Lily

A GOOD-LUCK FLOWER.

THE LEGEND OF THE

shui-sen-far, the sacred lily of China, like the philosophy of Ming Tsi, Confucian, has been handed down from father to son until every man, woman, and child of Chinese blood is familiar with it as are Americans with the story of the cherry-tree and hatched. It is said that the only place in China where the lily flourishes in nature is growth is in the province of Fu Kein, where the original bulbs were supposed to have been planted by a spirit. The story, translated from the Chinese folklore by Lee Sze Hong, a New York student, is as follows:

Thousands of years ago, in the province of Fu Kein, a man, whom we shall call Lo Tsi, which means father, took to wife the daughter of an old and wealthy family, a woman of wondrously small feet and arched brows, but of a selfish heart and sadly lacking in reverence for the ancestral tablets and the various gods of heaven and earth, which have much to do with smoothing the path of domestic life. Lo Tsi was sad and unhappy, so, after the custom of his country, he soon took into his home a second wife, whom he called You Fung Sen. Although a daughter of the people, little You Fung Sen was also possessed of small feet, and her face, too, was beautiful, and these attributes, together with a gentle nature, made her the favorite, but the haughty Tien, being the first wife, enjoyed precedence in all things, a power which jealousy caused her to wield, much to the discontent and unhappiness of the uncomplaining You Fung Sen. In the course of time Tien, the first wife, bore a son, whom she called Fook Su, a proud name. To bear a son is a great honor, and Tien not only congratulated herself that her child was a boy, but she prayed constantly that the child of her rival in the affections of Lo Tsi was a girl, which, regardless of his love for the mother, would be sure to cast a coldness over the father and husband. Her prayers fell upon deaf ears, for the child of the second wife was also a boy, and there was great rejoicing on the part of Lo Tsi, who now took pains to immortalize his soul and to pray to the ancestral tablets. Proof of his offspring, Lo Tsi engaged learned instructors to teach them the precepts of his religion, and he himself would take them to the garden to inspect the pomegranates and the lychees, and be delighted to tell them wonderful stories of the adventures in the ponds and of the spirits which lurked in the flowers. Lo Tsi was a good man, and, being of a kind nature himself, he suspected no wrong of others, and during the years of his domestic life he had never learned the furious jealousy and the constant plotting to make the existence of little You Fung Sen and her son an unhappy one.

Whenever the two boys found themselves alone, Fook Su, the elder, inheriting the nature of his mother, and also following verbal instruction, would draw his little body up proudly, and say, "You are only the second son and your mother is a second wife. Am I not to these lands, are even now you are walking on my ground." Ho Ming, with the gentleness of his mother and the religion of his father, answered not, although, hearing this for years, gradually a mighty resentment grew in his breast, and he resolved to run away where he could walk on ground not claimed by his brother. By changing his name and working in the fields as a laborer, Ming so by and by, without effort on the part of the heart-broken father to find him was baffled, he was given up as dead, and prayers were said and incense burned before the tablet set up in his memory. As years passed, the resentment of Ming was replaced with a great desire to once more visit the province of Fu Kein. Being too poor to ride, Ming set out on foot, and, after a long journey, he found his father's home. He found that his father's weakened body could find strength to cover the miles to the home. When at last he stood before the door only sorrow came to meet him, and both Lo Tsi and You Fung Sen had become spirits, and Tien, the first wife, and her son, Fook Su, were in possession.

However, under the lingering nature of his mother came to this day, the second son is entitled to share in his father's estate, but being a second son, and, in addition, the son of a second wife, this share is reduced to one-fourth, the elder brother, the first son, taking three-fourths. The property of Lo Tsi consisted of highlands and lowlands, the one rich and desirable and the other barren and stony with only one redeeming point—that of a running stream of water. To this barren and rocky plot fell the share of the second son, while Fook Su retained the fertile soil for himself. Discouraged and heartless, Ming said nothing, but he could not argue with the law, but he thought to wander once more over the old home, and then depart, leaving the land to his brother, for nothing could be done with such barren soil, and to try and till it would leave him even less money than before. As he reached the garden where his father used to hold converse with the flowers he wept tears of sadness and despair. "Too poor to buy incense, but being a deeply religious nature he had been in the habit of gathering sweet herbs and the dry leaves of trees to burn in offering.

This he now proceeded to do, and as the spirals of fragrant smoke curled up he bowed his head in prayer.

Gradually he became aware of the presence of a *zen*, which appeared in the form of a man with the wisdom of many years on his brow. A voice, which he heard, yet heard not, said, "My son, do not grieve; your land is good. Come back next year and you shall be rewarded with riches, ten thousand times ten thousand." With the disappearance of the vision Ming fell into a deep sleep, during which he was visited by his father and mother, who told him he was of good cheer; that his reverence for his ancestors and his goodness of heart would be rewarded, and that his unhappy days were at an end. Awakening refreshed and happy with the memory of his recent vision, Ming once more began to earn his way by tilling the soil and harvesting the rice; but, as the months passed and the dawn of the new year approached, he again set out to walk the distance to the hands of his father. Marvelling at the wonderful fragrance which

that figures resemble

George Washington

in their adherence to

truth, and the

ment which this Ohio

investigator, whose

name is Olga L.

Cadogan brings against

women's clubs is really something

tremendous. Here are some of

the women's clubs in the country is thirty-

three years. The average age of the young-

children of the married members of these

years. A careful investigation of the

membership of women's clubs shows that only one

married woman in sixteen became a mother

after she has allied herself with women's clubs; that only one in

forty-three, during a period of eight years, has become the mother of

two children after her alliance with women's clubs.

Mrs. Cadogan's investigation in this same field, so

far as it relates to the various churches produces

some curious and interesting results as follows:

With 43,946 Methodist mothers the average number of children

was 2.34.

With 30,821 Episcopal mothers the average number of children

was 2.52.

With 15,432 Catholic mothers the average number of children was

3.61.

With 2,161 Presbyterian mothers the average number of children

was 2.41.

With 1,047 Congregational mothers the average number of children

was 2.34.

With 3,165 Baptist mothers the average number of children was

3.43.

It will be noted here that the Roman Catholics,

Baptists, and Methodists in succession make the best

showing in this list, and the Episcopal mothers the

worst, though just why this should be so it would

not be easy to explain. If Jewish mothers had been

included in this survey, they would doubtless have

stood at the head of the list and considerably above

any other class. The bearing which religious tenets or

denominational doctrines have upon race productivity

is an interesting subject for study and too large to

be entered upon here.

William II. and His Country.

WILLIAM II. is to celebrate his silver wedding on

February 27th, and it is on the programme that

he is to make a special visit to the Kaiser's palace

out the world, in favor of international peace. The Kaiser

is decidedly the most picturesque and dashing of

all the Old World's rulers. He has been called the

Throne of Germany. It is one of the most

no warmer admirer than is the German Emperor.

Germany, with its 55,000,000 inhabitants, is the

most populous country in Europe, except Russia, and

its people are far more intelligent and far more effective

as producers than are those of Russia. It ranks

next to England among the European Powers in the

of its industries, and in some lines of activity

it surpasses England. It is one of the most

of the world's nations, and has sent to the United

States as ambassadors some of its foremost statesmen.

It has never had a more faithful representative than

the present ambassador, Baron von Stenberg.

William II. has surprised friends and enemies

alike. When he went on the throne in 1888 most

people expected him to be a monarch, who would pre-

occupate war between his country and some of her

neighbors before he was long in power. Eighteen

years of rule have shown that these forebodings were

erroneous. He is multifarious in his activities, and

is somewhat disposed to be theatrical; but he has

kept the peace between his country and its neighbors,

respects the rights of his political rivals, and has

best his. Several strains have been taken place in the

relations between Germany on the one side and France

and England on the other in his days, but open rupture

has not yet occurred.

On his silver-wedding celebration the Kaiser will

have the world's congratulations. America and the

rest of the countries hope, in the words of Rip Van

Winkle, that he will be long and prosper.

The World's Favorite

FOR SKIN, SCALP, HAIR, AND HANDS IS CUTICURA

SOAP, MEDICINAL, EMOLLIENT, ANTIPRURITIC.

For preserving, purifying, and beautifying the

skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and

dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening,

whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore

hands, for baby rashes, itching, and chafings, for

annoying irritations and ulcerative weaknesses, and

many sanative, antipruritic purposes which readily suggest

themselves, CUTICURA is well adapted for all the pur-

poses of the toilet, bath, and nursery. CUTICURA Soap,

assisted by Cuticura Ointment, the great Skin Cure,

is invaluable. The purity and sweetness, the certainty

of immediate relief, the freedom from all irritating and

simplicity of treatment, have made CUTICURA Soap,

Ointment, and Pills the favorite mother remedies.

"SHUI-SEN-FAR," THE FAMOUS SACRED LILY OF CHINA, BY HEANS OF WIDOR CHINAMEN FORETTE THE LUCK OF THE NEW YEAR.

filled the air, Ming was accosted by farmers, who, recognizing him at a distance, came running with the news of a wonderful garden blooming on the bare rocks of the land which had fallen to his share of the Lo Tsi. He was told that he was to have a garden hold a stretch of delicate green plants covered with beautiful white flowers, where formerly only bare rocks and a running stream had met his eyes. As he stood in consternation, the wondering woman who had with his beautiful garden to realize the riches which had been promised, the *sen* bearing lilies in his arms rose from the shadow, and a voice, which Ming recognized as the voice of the old man, said, "My son, gather these flowers, which will insure prosperity and happiness for one year to all who induce them to bloom. Behold you are now the owner of the garden."

In a short time the fame of the *shui-sen-far* spread throughout China, and from all sources came demands for the bulbs. Although now rich and powerful with the ownership of the enchanted lands, Ming did not become worldly; but, never relaxing his devotions, he presented sacred lilies to all the temples, and he gave with a generous hand to the poor, who found him happier with the possession of the *shui-sen-far*. Since that time to this day, never a year passes in the home of a Chinaman that there is not a sacred lily blooming to bring luck to the inmates. Verifying this legend, the Chinese point to the fact that the lilies flourish best when the bulb is simply placed in a shallow dish with a few pebbles and clear water.

HARRIET QUIMBY.

Clubs, Churches, and Children.

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has found an ally

in his onslaught upon women's clubs in a young

Ohio woman who seems to have been looking up

facts and statistics bearing upon race-suicide with

special care and thoroughness. Taking it for granted



(THIRD PRIZE.) A MISCELLANEOUS SET DUFFY, FAMILY
C. N. Xmas, Virginia.



A CONTENTED GROUP—PETS OF THE UNITED STATES STEAMER
"KILNOR."—Miss W. Sumner, D. & N.



(SECOND PRIZE.) THE
BEST OF FRIENDS
Mrs. O. W. Lashley
Massachusetts



(FIRST PRIZE.) UNINVITED GUESTS MONOPOLIZE THE FEAST.

Selden Washburn, South Dakota.



A LONGING LOOK.
Charles F. Foudry, China.



THE NIGHTFUL TENANT CROWDED OUT BY A DREAMER.—Sarah Weaver, New York.



POSS DICTATING TO HER SECRETARY.—Sarah Weaver, New York.

AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTO CONTEST—SOUTH DAKOTA WINS THE FIRST PRIZE.
THE SECOND PRIZE GOES TO MASSACHUSETTS, THE THIRD PRIZE TO VIRGINIA.

A SAILOR'S WOOING

By Jeanie Gould Lincoln



THE JUNE sunlight poured with dazzling radiance on the great white walls of the Navy Department, and a fugitive ray crept through the wide window, cast itself across the paper on the desk. The admiral shifted his chair and pulled the sheet nearer him as his pen flew rapidly on; it was nearly time for the bureau to close and he had a dinner engagement.

"If you please, sir," murmured a respectful voice, as the door swung open and admitted his messenger, "can you see the lady for a few minutes? It is after hours, but I did not like to send her away, as she brought these cards."

The admiral dropped his pen and picked up the bits of cardboard. One was the card of a Cabinet officer and the other read, "Miss Evelyn Carey."

"What does she look like?" he said, with the half-impatient, wholly weary, sigh.

"She's a sure 'nough lady, sir—not like the last one."

"I should hope not." The admiral's merry smile twinkled up in his eyes as a vision of his tenth woman visitor that day rose before him. "Very well, Squires; if you're sure she isn't a reformer or a female politician let her come in," and he turned back to his letter and signed it as the door opened again and a girl walked quickly toward him.

She was such a slender slip of a girl, and there was a quaint old-time air about her, so different from the bristlers of the modern period, that the admiral knew she was of genteel birth before she opened her lips. Her white gown was of the plainest, and under her wide hair a pair of pathetic gray eyes surveyed him with almost a child's directness. Something in their half-appealing, half-confiding expression struck a chord of memory, and the admiral held out his hand with the frankness and cordiality which had made him such a favorite in his bureau.

"What can I do for you, Miss Carey? Take this chair and tell me as briefly as you can."

"You are more than kind to see me, sir. The messenger said I was late; but I must take the evening train, and I was so anxious to see you. I came—" she hesitated; a faint pink flush crept into her cheeks and she tightened her fingers nervously around the handle of her parasol. "I wanted to bespeak your kind offices for Mr. Clayton Thorne."

Then the admiral remembered. Clayton Thorne was a cadet who had failed to pass his examinations at Annapolis, been dropped for two successive years, and was now about to leave the academy. His record was not particularly vicious; simply a lazy, careless ne'er-do-well for whom his friends were trying to obtain an appointment where he could do clerical work and keep out of mischief—in short, send him to Honolulu or the Eastern station. The girl, watching his face, saw the change in the admiral's expression, and went on, eagerly:

"He has been so unfortunate, poor fellow! and he is so clever—really clever—in many ways that do not count at the academy. I think he can never conquer mathematics. When I met him first, three years ago at Fortress Monroe, where I went as a nurse when the troops came up from Cuba—"

"You a nurse?" interrupted the astonished admiral; "why, you are not old enough! I beg your pardon, Miss Carey."

"Yes, I am," with a little smile and an air of capability. "I am twenty-four years old."

"You look about seventeen," said the admiral, and again that kindly twinkle in his eye encouraged her to proceed. "You were at Fortress Monroe—well?"

"Then Mr. Thorne came down and was so helpful—so really and truly was; he worked hard, and I am sure if he can but get his chance away from some adverse influences, that he will finally be of great credit to the service. Won't you give him a position, admiral? So much depends upon it for him—and me."

She was scarlet now, and her sensitive lips were set in a rigid line to prevent further queries.

"And pardon me again—I'm Mr. Thorne's relative of yours? I do not ask from undue curiosity."

The girl looked at him for a moment in silence. There was no mistaking the sympathy of his tone; this was a man whom she could trust.

"I have promised to be his wife," she said, with simple dignity. "He does not want people to know it, for we are both very poor. I have an invalid brother who depends upon me for support, but if Clayton gets his chance we could go out and join him and live more cheaply than we can here. Ah, you have been successful—perhaps you have never had to struggle; this appointment would give life and hope to three anxious hearts—will you give it to me?"

The great clock standing in the corner struck four, but the admiral did not hear it. Successful, yes—but what of the long, harsh conflict with fate; the closing scenes of a great war; the little grave in the Connecticut hills which had closed over a girl with just such pathetic gray eyes as those now looking into his? Now that rapid promotion had given him a rear-admiral's flag at fifty-two and made him a matrimonial possibility for which many a fair woman had smiled in vain, was this success? What talisman did this girl carry in her low, sweet voice? And Clayton Thorne, young scapegrace that he was, should this loyal heart be added to swell his triumphs? For the admiral knew several interesting facts in the history of that young man which hardly rebounded to his credit. Still the fellow must have his chance if only for the sake of this fair and childlike pleader, so life that other, long ago. What a end he must be to let her come and ask for it.

Evelyn Carey wondered what the admiral's silence meant as the clock ticked; it seemed endless, and she did not dare to break it.

"Miss Carey"—the tone was very kind and gentle—"you have interested me very much, and I shall consider the matter, favorably if possible. I have your address on this card; you shall hear from me soon."

What a smile she gave him! He never could remember what she said, but that glowing look remained with him, and who knows but it had something to do with a half-spoken ejaculation when the admiral proceeded through the park that afternoon on his way home, as he flicked a stone out of his path: "He doesn't want people to know, does he—his impudence!"

The dinner that night was at the Willoughbys',



"THIS APPOINTMENT WOULD GIVE LIFE AND HOPE TO THREE ANXIOUS HEARTS."

"Cave Dwellers" and leaders of Washington social life, and the admiral was placed next his hostess, much to his satisfaction. But there was a foreboding of distinction at her other hand, and as a result he felt obliged to entertain a pretty woman on his left, and dinner was half over when he remembered in a miscellaneous whirling way to Mrs. Willoughby.

"What have I done that I am allowed only to contemplate your shoulder?"

"Punishment for your sins," she said, laughing. "What have you been doing at the department today?"

"Chiefly refusing applicants."

"You have rather an air of wanting to confess. But don't represent yourself as a bear; it's such libel."

"Thank you. How can you tell my awful possibilities when seated at my desk in the bureau?" Still, I do feel somewhat like Ursa Major anent one case."

"And that was—"

The admiral hesitated; they were very old friends, and he often took counsel with her.

"Do you happen to know Miss Evelyn Carey, of Baltimore?" he asked abruptly. Mrs. Willoughby shot an amused glance at him.

"Old family friends," she replied, dropping her voice a little to the proper pitch for a dinner table.

"And you couldn't refuse Evelyn—no matter how hard you tried. Well?"

"So you sent her to me," he said, greatly diverted.

"I thought it was the secretary."

"The secretary, poor man, was so bewitched with her that he would have given her anything. But we decided that your bureau was best. Don't tell me that you are really thirty-headed."

"I couldn't be where that delicate girl is concerned," he said, gravely. "What are you thinking of to let her throw herself on Clayton Thorne?"

"I knew you would take that view of it. But, my dear man, she loves him—or thinks she does—which is much the same thing, until she awakes from her dream."

"And then, heaven help her!" thought the admiral, but he said, quietly, "Don't call it love! It's simply a case of fascination. Few people know what love really is. You can't dignify Thorne's distractions in that way."

Mrs. Willoughby had her moment of reflection as the suave butler passed a dish of peaches to the admiral. Can it be possible, after all these years? Oh, Evelyn Carey, I'd like to shake you!"

"I shall give the appointment to Thorne," continued the admiral, speaking his peach carefully. "The fellow shall have his chance, and perhaps such a wife may keep him straight. Don't you think I ought to be asked to the wedding?"

But the laugh in his eyes did not deceive Mrs. Willoughby, as she thanked him for his gracious friendliness and gave the signature to rise from the table.

The admiral walked home that night through the moonlit park to his club chambers, and so to what he would. Evelyn's wistful face went with him—and not then only, but for many a day after he saw the smile of her gray eyes, even while he belied himself for envying another man's good fortune.

June rolled along into July, and the hot August days were upon the capital city in all their heat and humidity. Nearly all fashionable Washington had flown to seaside and mountain, and the admiral was beginning to think that he, too, would take a vacation and leave the bureau to the mercy of his chief clerk. He was glancing idly over a New York paper, looking for the sailing of a transatlantic steamer, having found the item, ran his eye down the list of passengers. Yes; there it was! the name he had half-consciously been searching for—Lieutenant and Mrs. Clayton Thorne. Again, before the admiral's eye arose Evelyn Carey's glowing smile and fair, pathetic face. He sighed as he said, "God bless her!" Turning the next page he read this paragraph:

"Married, August 10th, by the Rev. Arthur Morrison, Katherine Ruthven, daughter of James Rutherford, Esq., of the Beeches, to Clayton Thorne, U. S. N."

In his amazement he read it aloud, and then a good, round sailor's oath escaped him. "The scoundrel! to throw her over thus! I'll bring his neck! I'll—"

A lump in his throat choked the words. "Poor little girl!" wonder whirled.

is? I'll write Mrs. Willoughby and find out how it all happened. And to think it was I who gave him his chance to be married!"

The admiral wrote his letter; indeed, he wrote it over three times, for he knew how quick-witted was the clever woman of the world and how she might read between the lines and guess his secret. Finally having pruned it down so much that Mrs. Willoughby could hardly fail to detect its artificiality, he dispatched the missive, locked his desk, and walked over to his club.

Most of the men were away, but seated in the east window was Captain Crosby, an old messmate, who hailed him with:

Continued on page 142



FISHING VILLAGE OF CATALAN, ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR FROM ALGECERAS, SPAIN, WHERE THE MOROCCAN CONFERENCE HAS BEEN SITTING.



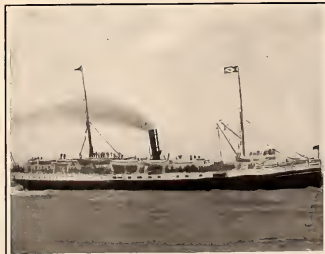
TOWN HALL IN ALGECERAS, SPAIN, IN WHICH THE SESSIONS OF THE CONFERENCE ON FRANCE AND GERMANY'S RIVAL CLAIM IN MOROCCO HAVE BEEN HELD.



VIEW OF LA GUAIRA, PORT OF CARACAS, WHERE FRANCE WAS

CIPRIANO CASTRO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA, WHO HAS INVOLVED HIS COUNTRY IN TROUBLE WITH FRANCE.

SHIPS HAD BEGUN AGGRESSIVE ACTION AGAINST VENEZUELA.



ILL-FATED STEAMSHIP "VALENCIA," OF THE PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO., WHICH WAS RECENTLY WRECKED ON THE ROCKY SHORE OF VANCOUVER ISLAND DURING A DENSE FOG, WITH A LOSS OF 114 LIVES.

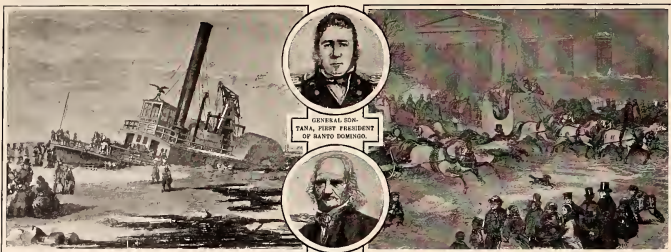


BRAZILIAN WAR-SHIP "AQUIDARAN," WHOSE POWDER MAGAZINES RECENTLY EXPLODED NEAR RIO DE JANEIRO, WRECKING THE VESSEL, KILLING 212 MEN AND INJURING THIRTY-SEVEN.—Underwood & Underwood.

MATTERS OF THE TIME OF WORLD-WIDE INTEREST.

WARSHIP AND MERCHANTMAN WHICH WERE WRECKED WITH GREAT LOSS OF LIFE, THE MOROCCAN CONFERENCE'S MEETING PLACE, AND THE POINT WHERE FRANCE MAY STRIKE VENEZUELA.

Topics and Pictures of the Day in Leslie's Fifty Years Ago



STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT "COLUMBUS" SUNK IN ICE.

UZAL KNAPP, LAST SURVIVOR OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE GUARDS.

BROADWAY, DEEP UNDER SNOW, FURNISHED A BELIEVING CARNIVAL.

FIFTY YEARS ago this week FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER reflected the great topics of the day, both pictorially and editorially, as LESLIE'S WEEKLY does in this issue. Naturally enough the weather was a prominent topic, called out by the fact that New York was buried under snow and her waters by ice. As the accompanying views show, there was excellent sleighing on Broadway—a sight rare enough in recent years and not seen this winter. Think of our new \$1,000,000 municipal ferry-boats to Staten Island being frozen in whiffs in mid-stream! Yes; that happened in February, 1856, and the Columbia

sank while trying to plow through the ice. Santo Domingo was a live topic then, as now. The last Emperor, a negro, had just fallen, a republic had been launched, and a President elected. It being the month containing Washington's birthday, the death of Sergeant Uzal Knap, of Orange County, was displayed prominently. Knap was the last survivor of Washington's Life Guards. He entered the Revolutionary army at the age of sixteen, and died when ninety-four. St. Petersburg then was in the public eye. A whole page of pictures was printed to show the marvellous growth of the comparatively new Russian capital.

The opening of the first railroad in Iowa and the completion of the bridge between Davenport and Rock Island was an event much commented on. In this ancient issue a plan of "the proposed Central Park" was printed. A contrast between tropical Havana and the frigid North was given in pictures. The Northern scene was that of four locomotives trying to send a snow plow through fifteen-foot drifts. The riotous scenes attending the enforcement of the Maine prohibitory law took up much space. The last page was given up to the dedication of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Church Union as a Business Proposition

THAT the recent interchurch conference at Carnegie Hall has deepened and accelerated the movement toward a closer union of the Protestant and so-called evangelical churches, there can be no manner of doubt. The conference itself, in which the chosen representatives of some thirty of these denominations participated, afforded a visible expression of the spirit of unity of the most gratifying sort. The decision of the delegates present to submit the question whether there should be a federation of all Protestant churches by their governing bodies, and to refer the matter upon in 1908, was a definite step forward toward a goal for which many able and devoted men have labored for many years. This federation, it must be noted, does not contemplate organic union, but a working agreement under which money heretofore spent in competition may be devoted to church extension, and especially to the extension of religious privileges to the increasing populations of our large cities and to remote rural neighborhoods which are now utterly neglected. Federation will mean sharing the burden of missionary efforts, the promotion of devotional fellowship, and a large increase of the influence of the churches on social and moral questions.

In the meanwhile, and before the federal council proposed by the Carnegie Hall conference can be consummated, there promises to be a closing up in the ranks of various denominations which are now divided up among themselves. Thus a union is hoped for at an early day between the great divisions of the Methodist and the Presbyterian churches, which separated before the Civil War over questions growing out of slavery, and negotiations to this end have been in progress for years. At the last General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North, organic union with the Cumberland Presbyterian was unanimously voted for, and this union was actually achieved a few weeks ago at a joint meeting of representatives of the two denominations held at St. Louis. By this action the Northern Presbyterian Church will add to itself a body of 184,093 new adherents of the most sturdy and devoted sort.

At about the same time that this union was formed at St. Louis a larger and still more significant consolidation of churches was perfected at Toronto, Canada, the practical result of a meeting held a year ago between representatives of the Presbyterian, Congregational, and Methodist denominations in the Dominion. These three bodies have now agreed upon a basis of union under what is to be known henceforth as the "United Church of Canada." This new body is to be governed by a general conference, after the Methodist form, and will also incorporate some features of both the Congregational and the Presbyterian systems of government. The constitution of the new union will be submitted to the three denominations throughout Canada for approval, but in view of what has already passed, it is believed that the vote will be practically unanimous. This is the most notable action in the direction of actual church unity that modern times has witnessed, and its significance cannot be over-estimated.

This movement toward a combining of church interests, either in the form of a federation or in or-

ganic unity, will appeal to the business sense of the modern world as no other movement could, and because of this will gain for the churches thus related a prestige and a strength hardly to be gained otherwise.

For the present division of the denominations into scores of lesser bodies, each working along distinct and independent lines, involves a waste of money, time, and energy for which there is no manner of excuse; it is wholly irrational and little short of ridiculous. If an attempt were made to carry on any great industrial enterprise as such, or our church work, on a to-day-it would be the laughing-stock of the business world and a certain failure from the start. An illustration of the folly and shameful waste of our petty church division was afforded the writer of these lines not many months ago while on a brief sojourn in a Southern community. The colored population of this particular community numbered about six hundred souls, yet for this hundred, all poor and ignorant people, there were no less than five separate churches, each with its handful of worshippers making a desperate and pitiful struggle to meet their expenses with all manner of cheap devices and largely by begging of the white neighbors. But these poor crea-

tures could hardly be blamed, for they were only imitating their spiritual guides and counselors among the whites. It would not be difficult to find white communities in the North of equal size similarly divided and almost as poor. These things, as we have said, are without excuse in this enlightened and progressive age. It means a dissipation of money and effort which the world sadly needs, and which it must have if it is ever to be made a better and happier place than it now is. L. A. M.

Editors Praise "Leslie's Weekly."

OUT OF THE great volume of congratulations from newspaper friends elicited by the Christmas and Semi-centennial number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY the following have been selected as typical, as well as striking.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY continues to this day the leader of the American illustrated papers, and a year's volume makes an invaluable source of editorial current history.—The Free Press, Chicago.

Heretofore congratulations upon the fifty-fifth anniversary number, it is rightly interesting, finely conceived, well wrought, and distinctly creditable to you.—Leslie Gilbert, Editor of Western Christian Advocate.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has done much to make the illustrated weekly and daily of modern times, and thus has made every reader its debtor.—Thomas Walsh, Ledger.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is one of the best illustrated weeklies published in America.—Alexander D. N. Young, The Free Press, Chicago.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY is in its artistic standard and high tone, setting new standards of journalism.—The Commercial Leader, Boston, Mass.

The Christmas and Semi-centennial number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY is a thing of beauty, a splendid specimen of up-to-date journalism.—Christian Literature, New York.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has good reason to be proud of its long life of usefulness. It is simply because it has ever held a high standard not only of art and literature, but also of morals.—Commercial Press, New York, N. Y.

A Boy's Breakfast.

THERE'S A NATURAL FOOD THAT MAKES ITS OWN WAY.

THERE'S A boy up in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., who is growing into sturdy manhood on Grape-Nuts food. It might have been different with him, as his mother explains:

"My eleven-year-old boy is large, well-developed, and active, and has been made so by his fondness for Grape-Nuts food. At five years he was a very precocious child and was subject to frequent attacks of indigestion, which used to rob him of his strength, and were very troublesome to deal with. He never seemed to care for anything for his breakfast until I tried Grape-Nuts, and I have never had to change from that. He makes his entire breakfast of Grape-Nuts food. It is always relished by him, and he says that it satisfies him better than the ordinary kind of meal."

"Better than that is he is no longer troubled with indigestion or nervousness, and has got to be a splendid fellow. I have helped him to begin to use Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

When the Skeleton Grins.

YOU may be a cheerful chap, and gay:

As a mad that sings on a rainy day:

As the world may say that fortune's smile

Beams fondly upon you all the while.

Yet true it is, if the truth you tell,

That even in heart with a white smile,

When the light grows dim and the fire burns blue,

And the family skeleton grins at you.

He comes from his lair in that closet dim,

Where the key was long since closed on him;

You know his steps, and you know his name,

He is fit or folly, or wrong or shame.

He cries: "I'm the devil you left undone,

The heart you broke? the gold you won.

Behold me now! It is but my day,

And the family skeleton grins at you.

O! you hear his tread on a sunny day,

When friends come knocking along your way,

When the race for honor at last is run,

And the crown of success is taken from you.

You will not listen, but hear you must,

And your apples of happiness turn to dust.

You had his curse, but he looks you through,

And the family skeleton grins at you.

O! what is the charm to break the power

Of this foe of a sunny or lonely hour?

Go, do the good you have left undone,

Retrieve each wrong ere the set of sun.

The matchless power of a conscience clear

Can break the spirit of death and fear,

And let such words of reliance be

That you smother the skeleton grin.

ANNA R. HENDERSON.



Grand Opera Records
for the
EDISON PHONOGRAPH

WE ARE pleased to announce the issuance of a series of Grand Opera Records made by principal stars of the Metropolitan Opera House and by other prominent grand opera artists now appearing in this country and abroad. Hitherto, Mr. Edison has refused to permit Edison Records to be made by Grand Opera Singers, preferring to wait until he could so improve his methods of recording, that the voices of great artists could be reproduced with all their characteristic sweetness, power and purity of tone. These improvements having been effected, the artists co-operated with enthusiasm, with the result that the first ten Edison Grand Opera Records, made by our Gold Mould Process, are a distinct advance over anything of the kind heretofore attempted.

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ANTONIO SCOTTI
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Edison Grand Opera Records

ON SALE AT ALL DEALERS

- By **HEINRICH KINOT, Tenor**
B. 1—HOLLES VERFAULS, "Lohengrin"..... Wagner
Song in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **ANDREAS GIPPEL, Tenor**
B. 2—"ALCE, SO FIDELIA," "Marta"..... Flotow
Song in German. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **GUSTAVE BERL RESKY, Baritone**
B. 3—"DI PROVINCIALE, LA MAS," "La Traviata"..... Verdi
Song in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO, Tenor**
B. 4—"LA DONNA A MOBILE," "Rigoletto"..... Verdi
Song in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **ANTONIO SCOTTI, Baritone**
B. 5—"LA RAVISA O, LUCCHIO ARLEN"..... Bellini
Song in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **SCARPHY RESNY, Soprano**
B. 6—"ALBA," "SILVIA," "La Gioconda"..... Puccini
Song in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **ROMEO BERTI, Tenor**
B. 7—"ARIELLO," "Pagliacci"..... Leoncavallo
Song in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **SIGNOR AND SIGNORA RESNY**
B. 8—"DITE," "La Fanciulla del West"..... Dancoetti
Song in Italian. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **ANTON VAN ROOY, Baritone**
B. 9—"O, KLIEB ZURUCK," "Lindbergh"..... Wagner
Song in German. Orchestra accompaniment.
- By **ANTON VAN ROOY, Baritone**
B. 10—"RANSON DU JOURNALE," "Carmen"..... Bizet
Song in French. Orchestra accompaniment.

Signor Scotti says:

"I have great pleasure in informing you that the cylinders which I sang for you are excellent from every point of view, and I consider them as an absolutely natural reproduction of my voice. I must, however, tell you that the cylinder on which I sang the air from the 'Sommavilla' pleases me most, and I certainly think it is the best of all I have ever heard."

In accordance with Mr. Edison's desire to make his Phonograph the musical instrument of the people, the price of these Grand Opera Records has been fixed at only 75c. each. Hear them at nearest dealers. Write our Orange, N. J., office for handsome Grand Opera supplement.

National Phonograph Company

42 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

New York Chicago London Paris Berlin Brussels
Sydney Mexico City



ANDREAS
GIPPEL
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POISONOUS LOCO WEED, WHICH MULTITUDES WITH ANGRING RAPIDITY, AND WHICH THE AUTHORITIES OF WESTERN STATES ARE TRYING TO STAMP OUT.—Pawnee.



RUBBER WEED, WHOSE ROOTS BRING \$40 PER TON, AND WHICH HAS OPENED UP A NEW COMMERCIAL INDUSTRY IN THE WEST.—Pawnee.

TWO CURIOUS WESTERN WEEDS

DOUBTLESS there is a use for everything that grows; but often the faint mind is not able to fathom nature's mysteries and learn the hidden secret of utility. This reflection is provoked by the experience of Colorado and other Western States, where the authorities are adopting strenuous measures to exterminate the loco weed, which poisons stock; and where, at the same time, the rubber weed is being cautiously cultivated for its commercial possibilities.

The loco weed is so much of a pest that it is recognized as a public menace. It is estimated that this weed has cost the State of Colorado more than \$200,000 during the past ten years in the efforts made to stamp it out. Lately the national bureau of agriculture is supplementing the efforts to suppress it. This weed poisons thousands of range cattle and horses every year, causing dementia and a slow wasting away until death

claims the victim. The plant spreads with incredible rapidity. It has an astonishing number of seeds, one person counting as many as 2,500 recently on a single plant. Two methods are considered in the attempts to eradicate this evil weed. One is to dig out carefully; the other to cut it off at the surface and scatter salt on the stump. The latter plan, apparently, is the best, and is being warmly recommended by farmers in Nebraska. The State board of Colorado is being urged by many citizens to lease an infested section of land and try the salt experiment on a large scale.

The rubber weed, so far from being a pest, has established a new industry in the West. It is said that a thirty cent boy chewing the roots first discovered the presence of crude rubber. Last year a process for its manufacture on a large scale was perfected and a factory built at Salida, where the roots bring forty dollars per ton.

A SAILOR'S WOOING

Continued from page 141

"Not gone yet? Why, admiral, I thought you were at the Lawtons' a week ago."

"So I should have been, but the youngest baby developed scarlet fever, and I am not due at the Willoughbys' for a fortnight. It's getting dull and lonely here; I think I'll go off somewhere to-morrow."

"Better come down with me to Annapolis; Mary's at home now before fitting North, and nothing would give her more pleasure."

The admiral looked pleased. "That's good of you, Crosby—Mrs. Crosby won't mind an old fellow like me, will she?" "You haven't aged materially since last May," said Crosby, laughing; "get your tops together and we'll take the next train."

And so it happened that the admiral found himself in the quaint old Maryland town just as the sun was setting, leaving its golden trail out on the water and sinking behind the vine-covered veranda, when Mrs. Crosby came to greet the two men as they strolled leisurely up the street. In the most sheltered corner of the veranda sat a slender, dainty figure, and almost before his eyes had time to penetrate the shade his hostess was saying:

"I'm so glad I have some one to entertain you, admiral. Let me present you to my dear friend, Miss Evelyn Carey." He was so surprised, so utterly taken aback at this most unexpected meeting with the girl who had been in his thoughts all day, that the big sailor blushed scarlet as he took Evelyn's hand. It was a wonder he did not blurt out that he imagined her at the antipodes, and he would probably have done so in his perturbation. Evelyn had no flattered smile at him—a smile so kind, so gentle, that it added to his bewilderment.

"The admiral and I have met before," she said, quietly.

"I am delighted that you have come to take compassion on us," continued Mrs. Crosby, totally unaware of the little drama that was going on under her very eyes. "Evelyn has been to and camp down to recruit, and we were just wishing for some one—even Harry here is better than nobody," and she laughingly followed her husband into the house.

The two left on the veranda looked at each other for a moment in silence. The admiral surrendered then and there, and, being only a man and a sailor, he never stopped to take counsel with his head, but said, impetuously:

"It will be good of you to forgive me, I knew I ought not to have done it that time."

"And I ought not to have asked it." "Then—then—oh, try to forgive me, I am saying what I should not—has that scandal broken your dear heart by his treachery?"

"I think it would be a very worthless heart if it had." Her voice trembled a little and her eyes sunk beneath the ardent look in his.

"You told me that day you were going to marry Thorne—"

"But I did not—say I loved him."

"Evelyn, do you know what you are leading me to believe? Be my wife and let me show you what love is."

"Is this a sailor's wooing?" She was smiling now, with an earnestness and sweetness that went to his head like wine. "I did not know love meant—then!"

A Big Gold Strike.

IT is said that the reported gold strike in the Williams Fork range, near Wendon, Ariz., was even greater in value than reported, and has been called the "new copper country," where there are several large copper mines. Sample sacks of the gold ore on assay showed \$5,000 to the ton. If this is the run of mine ore, and if there is enough of it, there is a future for the district similar to Goldfields. A company is putting in a plant to treat its ore.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURED WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS
SINGLY CURED. That is Good. Use
No More. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION



AWFUL PREDICAMENT OF JONES ON TESTING HIS MOTOR-SKATES.
Jones, who has returned from the Paris show with a pair of motor-skates, tries his purchase in the park, exceeds the speed-limit, forgets how to work the brake, and finds himself in some danger of arrest.—Sketch.

WILSON That's All!

THE "SOHMER" HEADS THE
LIST OF THE HIGHEST
GRADE PIANOS

SOHMER PIANOS

Sohmer Building,
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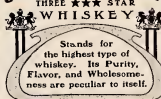
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INCREASE IN ASSETS, over	18 Million Dollars
PAID POLICYHOLDERS DURING 1905 over	14 Million Dollars
TOTAL PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS to December 31, 1905, over	107 Million Dollars
CASH DIVIDENDS and Other Concessions not Stipulated in Original Contracts and Voluntarily Given to Holders of Old Policies to Date, over	6 Million Dollars
NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, nearly	6 1-2 Million
INCREASE IN NUMBER OF POLICIES IN FORCE, over	1-2 Million
NET INCREASE IN INSURANCE IN FORCE, over	113 Million Dollars

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